all new

CHARLTON COMICS

30¢

UK-10P

NO. 5 | 00124

APR | 76/CDC

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

MONSTER HUNTERS

00124

A WHITE ROSE

ONE YEAR AGO TONIGHT, MR. HERBERT J. ADAMS PAWNED HIS OWN SOUL. IN EXCHANGE FOR WORLDLY GOODS AND POWER, HE PLEDGED HIS LOYALTY TO A DEMON.
COULD I HAVE MADE A MISTAKE? NO...THIS MUST BE THE RIGHT PLACE! WHERE IS HE?
AH! MR. ADAMS!
THROUGHOUT THE AGES, MEN HAVE MADE DEALS WITH THE POWERS OF DARKNESS, ONLY TO FIND...TOO LATE...THAT THEY HAVE BOUGHT THEIR OWN DESTRUCTION. TONIGHT, A MAN WHO FEELS THE GRIP OF DESTRUCTION'S JAWS WILL TRY TO FREE HIMSELF FROM THE FATAL CONTRACT.
EDITOR: GEO. WILDMAN
WRITER: TOM HIMES
ART: NICHOLAS MIASICH
D-7180
1.

MONSTER HUNTERS Vol. 2, No. 5, April, 1976.
Published bimonthly by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. John Santangelo, Jr., Publisher. George R. Wildman, Managing Editor. © Copyright 1976 Charlton Publications, Inc. International copyright secured. All rights reserved. 30¢ per copy. Subscription $1.80 annually. Printed in U.S.A. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-686-9050).

BUT ADAMS IS A CAUTIOUS MAN. HE DEMANDED THAT THE DEMON GRANT HIS FREEDOM IN ONE YEAR ON THE CONDITION THAT HE WOULD ENLIST FIVE OTHERS IN THE DEMON'S SERVICE.
THE YEAR IS PAST, LITTLE SERVANT! WHAT HAVE YOU TO REPORT?
I...I'M VERY CLOSE TO THE END OF MY MISSION, SIR! I ONLY NEED ONE MORE PERSON...AND I SHOULD HAVE HIM WON OVER IN A FEW DAYS...
SILENCE, FOOL! MY WRATH BURNS HOTTER WITH EVERY LIE THAT BURSTS FROM YOUR TINY HEAD!
PLEASE... IF YOU'LL ONLY LET ME EXPLAIN!
YOU ARE USELESS TO ME... IN THIS WORLD AT LEAST! I MIGHT FIND SOME USE FOR YOU IN MY OWN KINGDOM!
BUT WAIT... I'M IN A SPORTING MOOD! YES! I WILL GIVE YOU ONE CHANCE TO ESCAPE DOOM! FREEDOM IS YOURS IF AT MIDNIGHT TOMORROW YOU HAVE WITH YOU....
A WHITE ROSE
MR. ADAMS IS A MAN OF CONSIDERABLE WEALTH. SURELY HE CAN BUY A SINGLE WHITE ROSE!
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG! FINDING A WHITE ROSE IS TOO EASY! THERE MUST BE A TRICK!
WELL, THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT AT THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT.
2

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS CATCH UP WITH HIM. IT IS ELEVEN O'CLOCK BEFORE HE WAKES.

IT'S LATE... BETTER GET BUSY AND LOCATE THAT WHITE ROSE!

WHITE ROSES? MY, THIS IS STRANGE! IS THIS MR. ADAMS?

YES! HOW DID YOU KNOW?

WELL, YESTERDAY A PECULIAR FELLOW CAME IN HERE AND BOUGHT EVERY WHITE ROSE IN THE SHOP! AND HE SAID... LET'S SEE...HE SAID, "GIVE MY REGARDS TO MR. ADAMS WHEN HE CALLS!"

HIS FEARS OF TRICKERY ARE CONFIRMED! FEAR SEIZES HIM, AND, LIKE MANY FOOLS, HE COUNTS ON ALCOHOL TO BOLSTER HIS COURAGE.

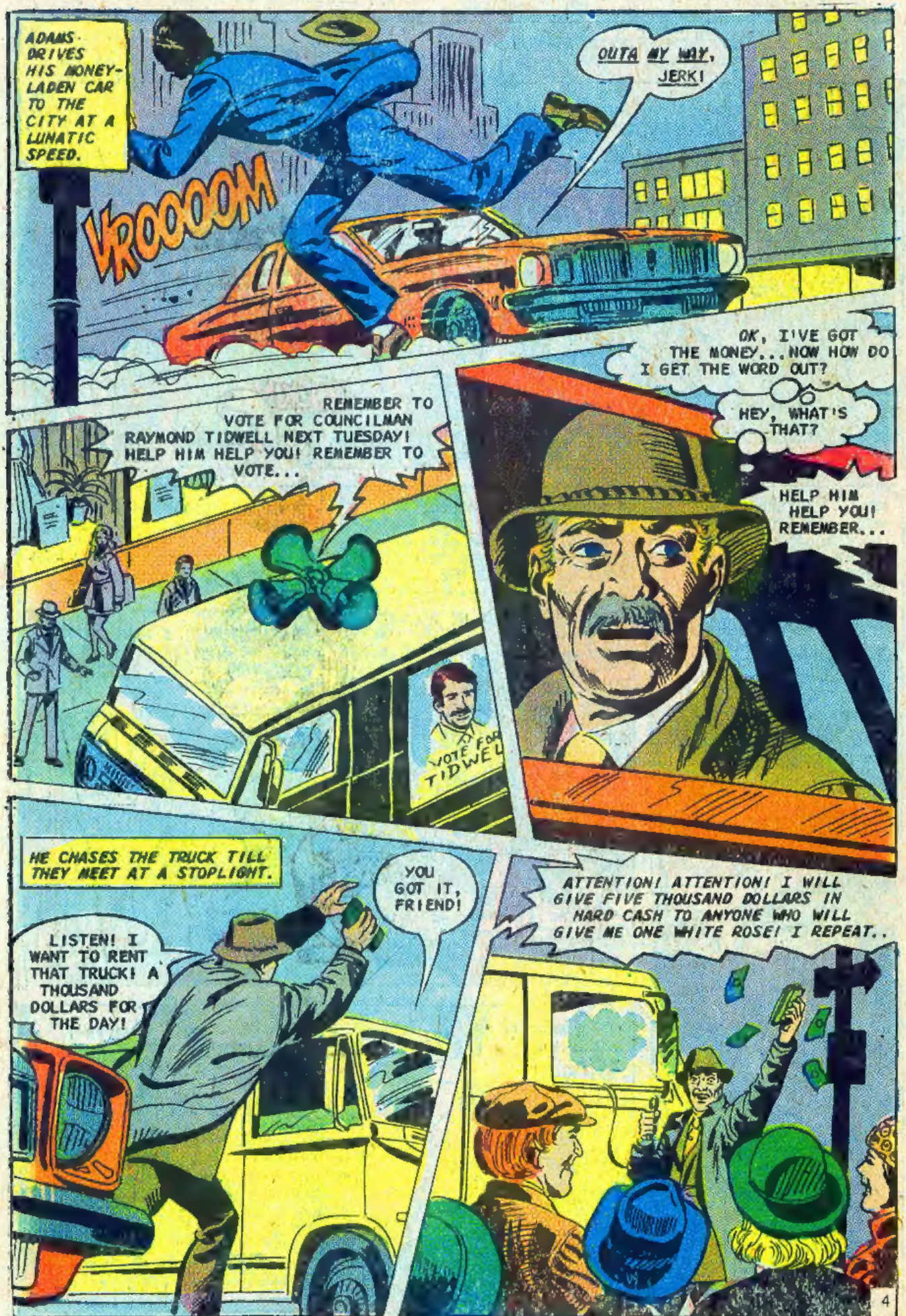
HE BOUGHT UP EVERY WHITE ROSE IN TOWN! EVERY BLASTED ONE!

HE TURNS TO LONG-DISTANCE TELEPHONING. BUT THE MORE HE CALLS, THE MORE HE DRINKS, AND THE DISTANT FLORISTS PAY LITTLE HEED TO HIS DRUNKEN RANTINGS.

THAT'S RIGHT! I WANT YA TO SEND ME A WHITE ROSE BY JET! NOW! HAVE I BEEN DRINKING? LISTEN, YOU...HELLO? HELLO?

IF I WANT A LOUSY WHITE ROSE, I CAN GET ONE!

I HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO GET MY HANDS ON REALLY BIG MONEY, BUT THIS WILL DO!


ADAMS DRIVES HIS MONEY-LADEN CAR TO THE CITY AT A LUNATIC SPEED.
VROOOOM
OUTA MY WAY, JERK!
OK, I'VE GOT THE MONEY... NOW HOW DO I GET THE WORD OUT?
HEY, WHAT'S THAT?
HELP HIM HELP YOU! REMEMBER...
REMEMBER TO VOTE FOR COUNCILMAN RAYMOND TIDWELL NEXT TUESDAY! HELP HIM HELP YOU! REMEMBER TO VOTE...
VOTE FOR TIDWELL
HE CHASES THE TRUCK TILL THEY MEET AT A STOPLIGHT.
LISTEN! I WANT TO RENT THAT TRUCK! A THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE DAY!
YOU GOT IT, FRIEND!
ATTENTION! ATTENTION! I WILL GIVE FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN HARD CASH TO ANYONE WHO WILL GIVE ME ONE WHITE ROSE! I REPEAT..

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

THE POLICE ARRIVE TO INVESTIGATE THE STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF MR. ADAMS.
LOOK, MISTER, YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET ALL THAT MONEY STOLEN FROM YOU! WHY NOT GO HOME BEFORE YOU START A RIOT?
IT'S MY MONEY, ISN'T IT? HERE...TAKE A HUNDRED AND..
COME WITH US!
ADAMS' LAST HOURS CRAWL BY WHILE HE WAITS IN A JAIL CELL, ARRESTED FOR ATEMPTING TO BRIBE A POLICEMAN.
WHAT TIME IS IT? WHAT TIME IS IT?
SHUT UP!
DESPAIR NOT, LITTLE SERVANT! MIDNIGHT IS AN HOUR AWAY!
YOU CHEATED ME! YOU FIXED IT SO I WOULD LOSE!
PLEASE! SUCH POOR SPORTSMANSHIP! WELL, I SUPPOSE I DID STACK THE DECK A BIT!
BUT LET NO ONE SAY I'M NOT FAIR! I'LL PUT YOU WITHIN A BLOCK OF THE WHITE ROSE!
WHAT HAPPENED? I'M FREE! AN HOUR LEFT...WITHIN A BLOCK ...I MIGHT MAKE IT!
5

IT COULD BE ANYWHERE! THAT WINDOW DISPLAY... THAT RESTAURANT... EVEN THOSE GARBAGE CANS!

THE HOUR IS SOON OVER.
NEVER FIND IT. ONLY THING TO DO IS RUN. MAYBE HE WON'T FIND ME.
SIR! EXCUSE ME... SIR!

SIR! COULD YOU HELP ME? I'M FROM OUT OF TOWN, AND I SEEM TO BE LOST...
CAN'T YOU HEAR ME? SIR?

I'LL BET HE DID HEAR ME! IMAGINE THAT!

...AS DOES MR. ADAMS... HIS FATE IS SEALED, NOT BY LUST FOR WEALTH AND POWER, BUT BY A SIMPLE LACK OF CONSIDERATION FOR WHITE-HAIRED OLD AUNT ROSE!
END

FINALLY, THE OLD WOMAN REACHED HER DESTINATION....
OH, AUNT ROSE! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? WE'VE BEEN SO WORRIED!

THE FOREST SEEMS TIMELESS, THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED ETERNAL. BUT NOTHING LASTS FOREVER, FOR IN THE YEAR 2137 THIS FOREST IS THE WORLD'S LAST AND THE HUNTED IS THE FINAL REMNANT OF EARTH'S SUPERNATURAL PAST. AND ERIC VAN HELSING? HE KNOWS ONLY TOO WELL THAT HE IS...
THE LAST MONSTER HUNTER!
THE SUN IS JUST SETTING, THAT MEANS I STILL HAVE A COUPLE HOURS TO FIND THE CAVE OF THE WOLF BEFORE THE FULL MOON RISES!
AND THEN.... THE WEREWOLF DIES!
EDITOR: G. WILDMAN
WRITER: M. CARLSON
ART: M. ZECK
D-7633
THE COLD TOWERS OF CIVILIZATION BARELY PEEKED OVER THE TREETOPS, AS ERIC VAN HELSING MADE HIS WAY THROUGH THE UNCLAIMED WILDERNESS.
I MUST MAKE MY KILL TONIGHT. TOMORROW THEY MAY CAPTURE ME SO THAT THEIR MASTER, THE WEREWOLF, MAY LIVE FOREVER.
I CAN'T FAIL! I HAVE TO FINISH THE JOB MY ANCESTORS BEGAN, I AM A VAN HELSING!

ERIC VAN HELSING'S MIND RACED BACK TO THE STORIES OF HIS FAMILY, WHO HAD FOUGHT THE FORCES OF THE SUPERNATURAL FOR SEVEN GENERATIONS.

THERE WAS ABRAHAM VAN HELSING, WHO FOUGHT AND KILLED THE INFAMOUS DRACULA IN THE 19TH CENTURY.

NOW, AT LAST, YOU PAY FOR YOUR UNHOLY CRIMES!

NOR COULD ERIC FORGET ROCHELLE VAN HELSING WHO DESTROYED MANY A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT IN THE 1970'S AND 1980'S!

BUT ALWAYS, THE STORY OF HIS GREAT, GREAT, GRANDFATHER CONREED, WHO DIED BECAUSE HIS SON DARED LOVE A VAMPIRE, STUCK MOST IN ERIC'S MIND.

BACK, WEREWOLF! YOU'LL NOT KILL AGAIN WITH A SILVER BULLET IN YOU!

WHY, FATHER? WHY DID YOU HAVE TO DIE?

WHEREVER I GO, LOVE, DEATH FOLLOWS. SURELY YOU'VE LEARNED THAT BY NOW.

ERIC'S FATHER HAD BEEN THE GREATEST MONSTER HUNTER OF ALL. HE LEFT THE WORLD FREE FROM EVIL CREATURES, LEAVING ERIC WITH NO MONSTERS TO HUNT, NO WAY TO CARRY ON TRADITION.

OR SO IT WAS THOUGHT, UNTIL ERIC HEARD OF A WEREWOLF WHO DWELLED IN THESE VERY WOODS.

WITH YOU DESTROYED, THE WORLD WILL BE SAFE FOR MY SON, FOR ALL INNOCENTS!

I'LL KILL HIM, FATHER!

I'LL KILL HIM FOR YOU!

SUDDENLY THE MONSTER HUNTER LOOKED UP, SEEING THE ENCROACHING DARKNESS IN THE SKY.
WHAT A FOOL I AM/ THE MOON WILL SOON BE OUT/ THE CAVE...
ERIC VAN HELSING, LIKE HIS FATHER, WAS A PSYCHIC. HE COULD SENSE EVIL AND FIND IT'S LOCATION.
THE WEREWOLF IS IN ONE OF THOSE CAVES, I KNOW IT/
WITH ANY LUCK, I CAN CHECK THEM ALL BEFORE MOONRISE.
I'LL NEED THESE TO SEE IN THE DARK. THE INFRA-RED LENSES WILL MAKE MY VISION THE EQUAL OF THE BEAST'S.
AND I HAVE THE RIFLE/
IT'S OLD, BUT THAT COULDN'T BE HELPED. ONLY ANCIENT RIFLES WILL HOLD METAL BULLETS AND I HAVE THE SILVER ONES NECESSARY TO KILL A WEREWOLF/
I HAVE TO REMAIN CALM. MY FATHER WOULD HAVE BEEN CALM. I'M HIS SON. I CAN'T LET HIM DOWN...
VAN HELSING'S HEART POUNDED, HIS FEAR OF FAILURE GREATER THAN HIS FEAR OF DEATH ITSELF.
I... I CAN'T...
3

BY THE TIME ERIC VAN HELSING REACHED ONE OF THE CAVES, THE FULL MOON WAS JUST SHOWING IN THE SKY...
I HAVE TO BE CAREFUL NOW. THE MOON HAS SURELY TURNED MAN INTO BEAST!
THE WEREWOLF COULD BE IN ANY ONE OF THESE...
...CAVES
RRRRRRRR
THE BEAST WAS FILLED WITH MADNESS AS A COLD AND SILENT MOON WATCHED OVERHEAD.
THE RIFLE. ITS OUT OF REACH! IT CAN'T END LIKE THIS!
I'VE GOT TO GET MY REVOLVER!
THE WEREWOLF'S CLAWS DIG DEEPLY INTO VAN HELSING'S SHOULDER, THE PAIN BLOCKING OUT ALL BUT HIS GRIM PURPOSE.
I WON'T LET YOU TAKE AWAY MY CHANCE TO LIVE UP TO MY NAME!
DIE!!
BAM!
ARRRR
4

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

THE WEREWOLF FLED INTO THE SHADOWS TO NURSE ITS WOUNDS.
B-DAM BAM
DAMN SHOULDER, CAN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT!
THAT'S RIGHT, RUN! BUT IT WON'T HELP YOU! I'LL DESTROY YOU AS MY FATHERS DESTROYED YOUR FATHERS!
HIS WOUND WILL SLOW HIM DOWN. HE WON'T ESCAPE ME!
UNLESS, THEY... STOP ME FIRST.
VAN HELSING STOOD UP, PEERING FROM THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF INTO THE FORESTED AREA BELOW.
THEY PURSUE ME WITH TORCHES, THOSE MONSTER LOVERS, REJECTING THE ADVANCES OF SCIENCE.
DO THEY HATE TECHNOLOGY SO MUCH THAT THEY WORSHIP THE PRIMITIVE WERE-BEAST INSTEAD?
BAH! I HAVE NO TIME FOR FOOLS. THE BEAST IS STILL FREE.
VAN HELSING LEFT THE CLIFFSIDE, ENTERING THE DARKNESS OF THE WAITING FOREST.

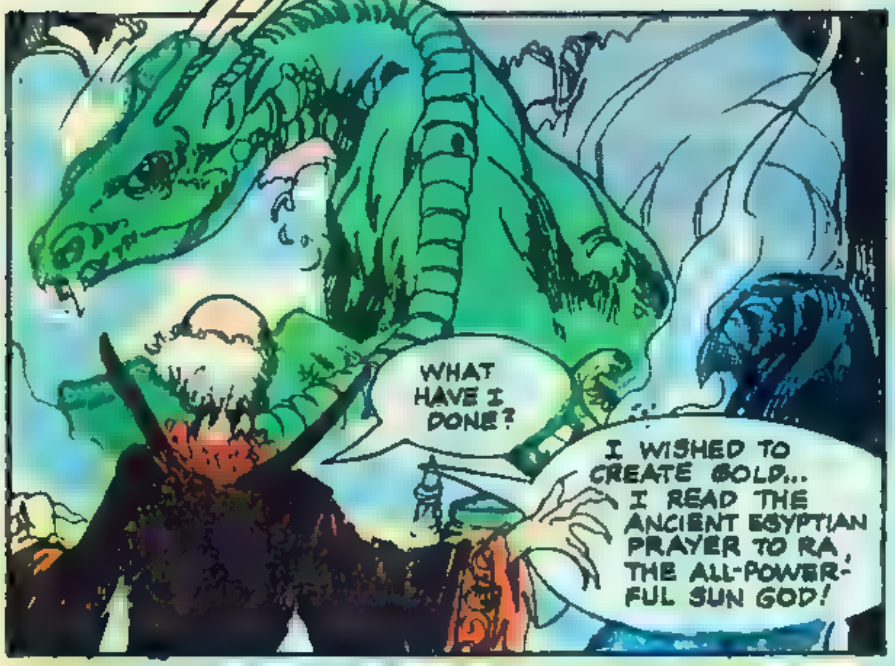
IN THE VALLEY BELOW, VAN HELSING'S ENEMIES CONTINUED THEIR RELENTLESS PURSUIT.
I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THE HUNTER ON THE CLIFF! I KNOW A WAY UP THE CLIFFSIDE THAT SHOULD NARROW THE DISTANCE BETWEEN US.
EXCELLENT! WE MAY YET CATCH UP TO HIM.
AND WHEN WE DO?
WE DO WHAT MUST BE DONE TO SAVE THE WEREWOLF. WHATEVER THE COST, THE WOLF MUST NOT DIE!
HOURS PASSED UNTIL FINALLY VAN HELSING'S PSYCHIC SENSE PICKED UP THE WEREWOLF'S TRAIL.
HE'S BEEN HERE RECENTLY. HE'S NEAR, I CAN FEEL IT!
VAN HELSING'S PULSE QUICKENED AS HE SAW HIS WOUNDED PREY AGAIN.
THIS IS OUR FINAL CONFRONTATION, I THINK.
THE CORNERED BEAST LUNGED SAVAGELY, BUT VAN HELSING GRABBED ITS FURRY WRISTS, PLACING METAL WRISTBANDS AROUND THEM.
CLINK
CLIK
NO GOOD, WOLF! I NO LONGER FEAR YOU. THIS TIME I AM READY!
6

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

WITH A PRESS OF A BUTTON, OPPOSITE CHARGES FLOWED THROUGH EACH OF THE METAL BANDS, BRINGING THEM TOGETHER. BEWILDERED, THE BEAST PAUSED IN ITS ATTACK.
THAT PAUSE WILL COST YOU YOUR LIFE, WOLF!
K-BAM
NOOO!
ERIC VAN HELSING STRUGGLED, BUT HE WAS OUTNUMBERED BY HIS FOES.
YOU FOOLS! YOU BLOODY FOOLS!
GET HIM INTO A STRAIGHTJACKET. I THINK HE'S LOST CONTROL.
YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, DISCIPLES OF EVIL! WHEN I'M FREE I'LL HUNT YOU DOWN, EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU!
TAKE HIM AWAY, SCOTT.
I DON'T GET IT. DIDN'T HE KNOW THIS IS A PRESERVE AND WE ARE HERE TO PROTECT THE FOREST AND THE ANIMALS WITHIN IT?
I GUESS NOT...
...OTHERWISE HE'D HAVE REALIZED WE WERE ONLY TRYING TO SAVE AN ENDANGERED SPECIES.
AFTER ALL, THIS IS THE LAST WEREWOLF!
END

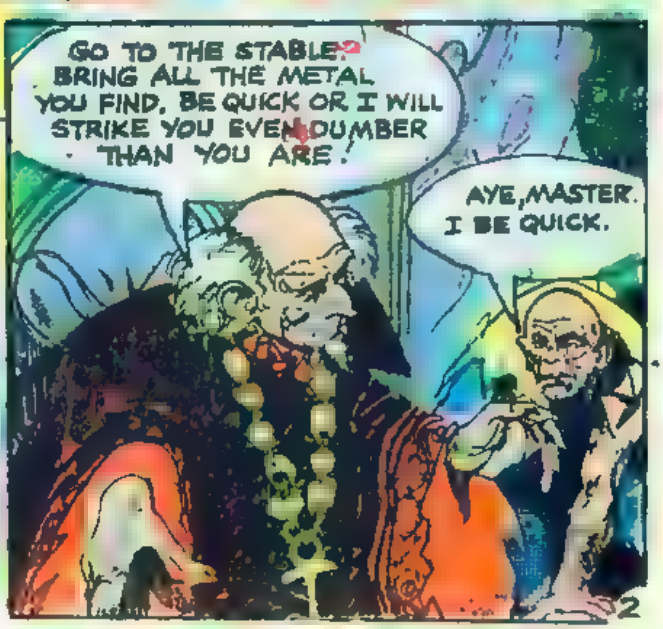
UNLIKE GHOSTS AND ORDINARY SUPERNATURAL INHABITANTS OF OUR WORLD, DEMONS ARE LIKELY TO ASSUME A MATERIAL FORM....
....WHICH MAY BE A CAT A DOG .
THE DEMONS
. OR A MORE UNFAMILIAR SHAPE!
THE BELIEF IN DEMONOLOGY PERSISTS IN MORE PRIMITIVE SOCIETIES. BUT CIVILIZED PEOPLES NO LONGER FEAR SUCH IMAGINARY DANGERS.
DEBBIE I SAW SOMETHING MOVE IN THERE!
IT'S JUST YOUR IMAGINATION, DUMMY!
STORY: JOE GILL
ART: PERLIN
D-7459
THE END

NO ONE SAW ARAM BIHR ARRIVE IN REXFORSHIRE, A SMALL TOWN SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND. THE RUMBLING CASTLE BUILT ON THE SITE WHERE SOME PEOPLE SAID THE ANCIENT DRUIDS PRACTICED THEIR PAGAN RITES WAS GOLD TO ARAM AL BIHR, AND THE IMPOVERISHED NOBLEMAN WHO SOLD IT WAS GLAD TO BE RID OF THE MOLDY OLD PILE OF STONES!
THIEF'S GOLD
RA, GRANT ME THIS BOON! YIBIL SHANT DOKKI AMAM!
A DRAGON! BUT I... GET BACK!
ME AND EVERYONE ELSE WONDERED WHY EVEN A HEATHEN FOREIGNER LIKE ARAM AL BIHR WOULD WANT SUCH A PLACE... THEY THOUGHT AL BIHR A VERY STRANGE PERSON... AND WOULD'VE THOUGHT HIM STRANGER STILL IF THEY KNEW WHAT HE WAS... AN ALCHEMIST, OR MAGICIAN! AND WHAT HE CREATED IN THE AGELESS DUNGEON BELOW THE CASTLE CELLARS!
EDITOR: GEO. WILDMAN
WRITER: JOE GILL
ART:
D-7096

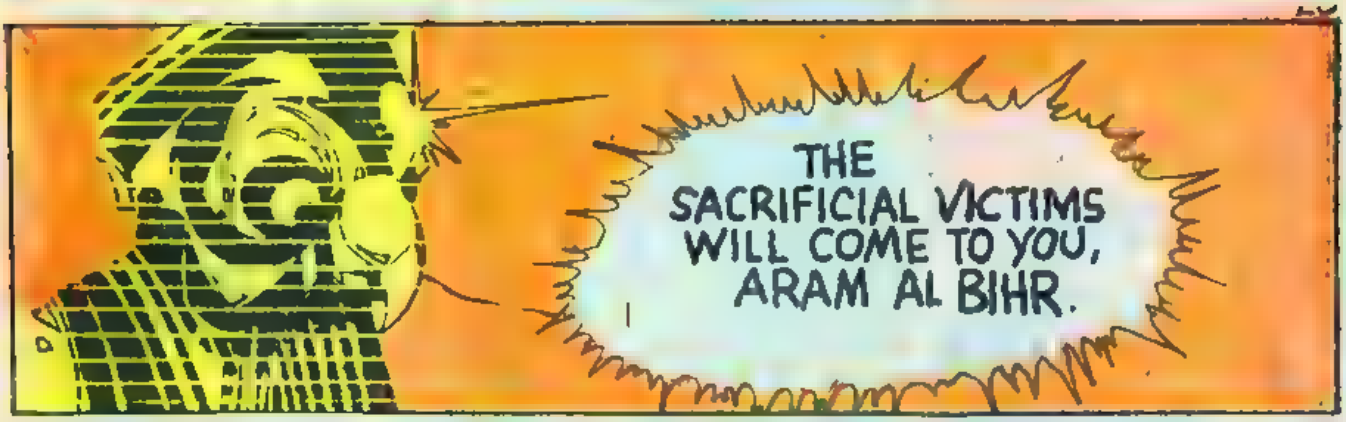


THE IGNORANT BUMPKINS IN THIS VILLAGE ALREADY FEAR ME AND DESPISE ME. IF THEY DISCOVER MY LITTLE PET...
MY FUNDS ARE DWINDLING. I REQUIRE GOLD!

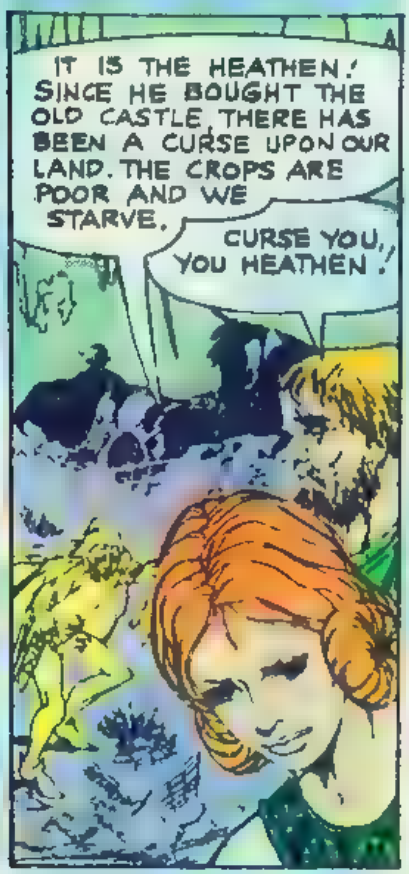
ABRAM AL BIHR CLOSETED HIMSELF IN THE LIBRARY WHERE HE HAD UNPACKED CHESTS FULL OF ANCIENT SCROLLS AND PARCHMENTS. THESE HE STUDIED UNTIL...

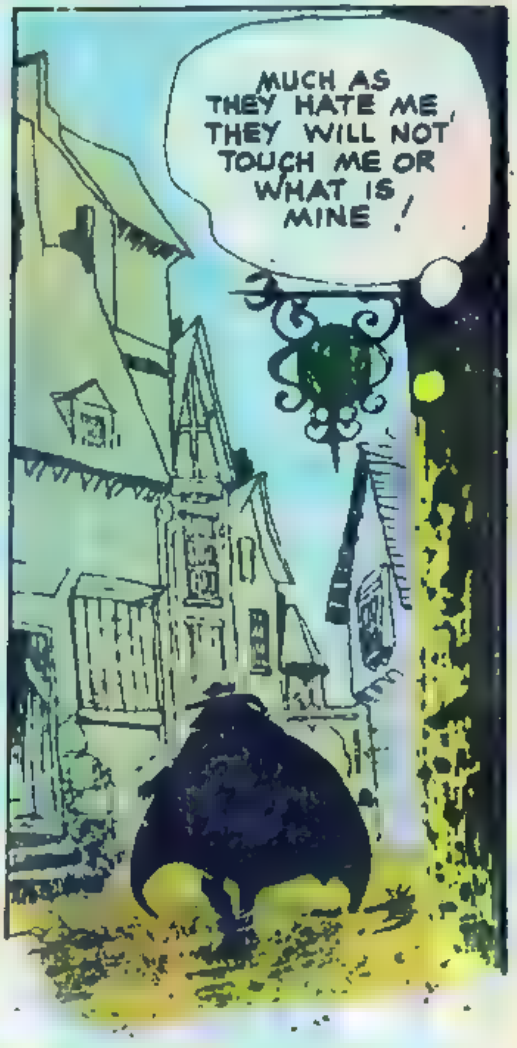


THIS BE NAWT BUT RUSTY IRON, MASTER.
IT WILL SOON BE SHINING GOLD, FOOL!
USING THE PROPER EGYPTIAN PARCHMENT THIS TIME, ONCE MORE CALLING UPON THE EGYPTIAN SUN GOD FOR HELP, ARAM AL BIHR CAST HIS SPELL...
YIBIL SHANT DOKKI KUNI, RA!
GOLD... ENOUGH TO PAY THE STUPID PEASANTS FOR FOOD AND OTHER NECESSITIES.
TOUCH NOT THE GOLD UNTIL THE DRAGON FEEDS!
THE DRAGON? BUT WHAT DOES IT EAT?
HE CAN ONLY LIVE ON THE FLESH OF MAN!
I WILL BE PUT TO DEATH BY THE STUPID PEASANT IF I...

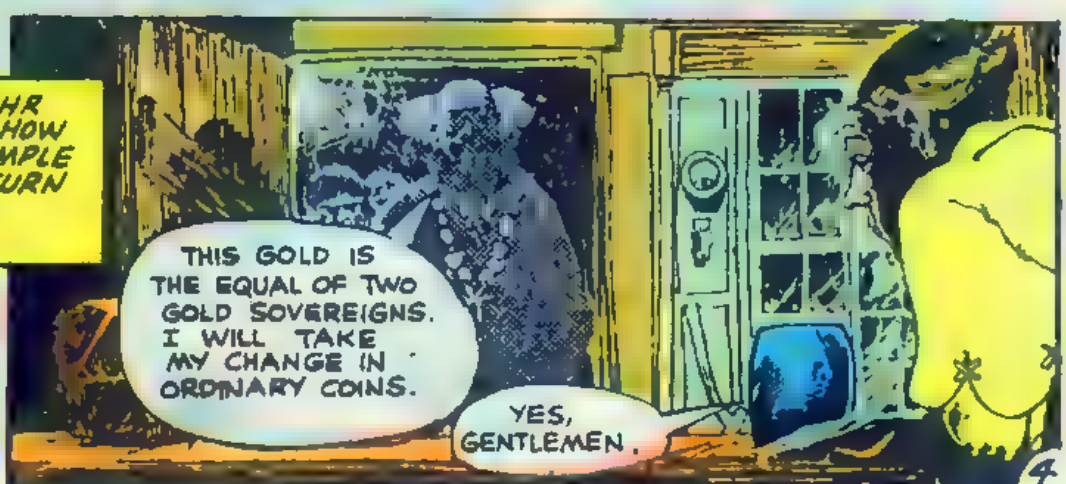


HIS MODE OF TRANSPORTATION WAS ANOTHER SUBJECT OF SUSPICION TO THE PEASANTS. HE USED A STRANGE CART DRAWN BY POWERFUL HORSES...


IT IS THE HEATHEN! SINCE HE BOUGHT THE OLD CASTLE THERE HAS BEEN A CURSE UPON OUR LAND. THE CROPS ARE POOR AND WE STARVE.
CURSE YOU, YOU HEATHEN!



BUT ARAM AL BIHR DID NOT KNOW HOW HUNGER AND SIMPLE GREED COULD TURN COWARDS INTO KNAVES...



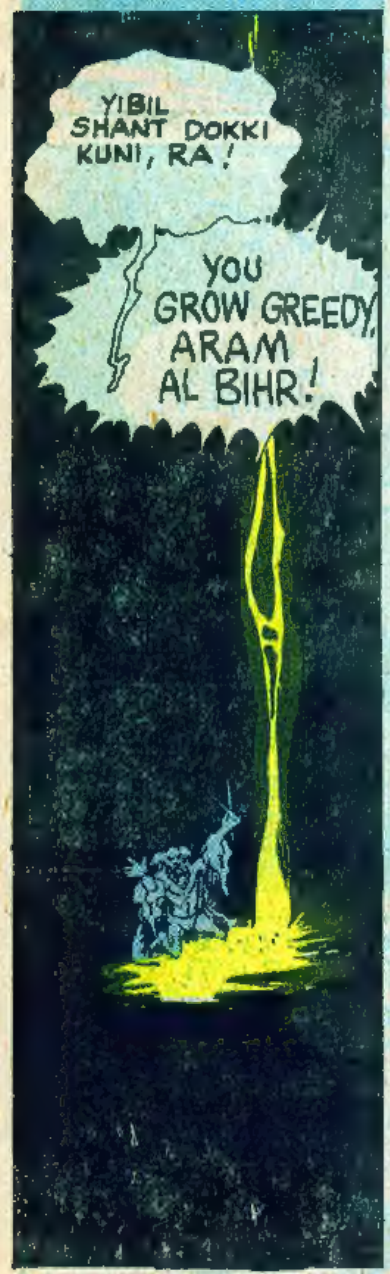
HE LOOKS A PROPER FOOL, HE DOES, BUT HE HAS GOLD!
WHY SHOULD HE BE RICH WHEN DECENT BLOKES LIKE US GO HUNGRY?
HE HAS BUT A FEW LOUT'S SERVIN' HIM IN THE CASTLE, FERDIE. WE'LL USE CLUBS AND SHARP KNIVES TA HAVE OUR WAY AFTER DARKNESS COMES.
THE THIEVES CAME IN THE DARKNESS. IN HIS STRANGELY FURNISHED LAIR, ARAM ALBIHR SAT UNMOVING, LOOKING INTO THE FIRE WHICH BURNED WITH A STRANGE AROMA...
RA, ALL KNOWING, MOST POWERFUL, YOU FORETOLD WHAT IS HAPPENING. THE BASE KNAVES EVEN NOW TRESPASS IN THIS DWELLING.
HE'S GOING DOWN THE CELLAR. THAT MAY BE WHERE HE KEEPS THE GOLD!
5

THERE'S MUCH GOLD BUT I'LL WAGER THE HEATHEN HAS MORE!
SPEAK UP.. WHERE IS IT?
BEHIND THE ALTAR... IN THE CAVE! MORE THAN TWO MEN CAN CARRY!

THEIR GREED DROVE THEM IN A RUSH TO THE CAVE BEHIND THE ALTAR WHERE...

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

NOW, ARAM AL BIHR HAD INVOKED RA'S AID TO CHANGE METAL INTO GOLD, HE FREQUENTLY PERFORMED THE RITE...



I AM RICHER THAN THE KING OF THIS ACCURSED COUNTRY!
HOLD! DO NOT BETRAY YOUR AVARICE, ARAM AL BIHR. I GAVE YOU GOLD BEFORE BECAUSE YOU ARE OF THE NETHER WORLD AND YOU NEEDED IT. NOW, YOU ASK BEYOND YOUR NEEDS!

WHEN I DO NOT READ THE SCROLLS, RA, THE SUN-GOD, IS DORMANT, ONLY A LIFELESS STATUE. THERE IS ANOTHER PRECAUTION I CAN TAKE!
BUT AMAR AL BIHR, THE ALCHEMIST, WAS AFRAID OF THE POWERS HE HAD INVOKED... HE FEARED THE MONSTER HE HAD CREATED... NOW, HE THOUGHT, IT WAS TIME TO LEAVE IT ALL BEHIND.
NOW, HE WILL BE UNAWARE OF WHAT IS HAPPENING.
I WILL TAKE THE GOLD AND FIND ANOTHER ABODE.
I AM A WEALTHY MAN! I CAN HAVE ANYTHING.
SNAPP!
HOW DID IT GET OUTSIDE?
ARAM AL BIHR TURNED. RA, THE SUN GOD OF ANCIENT EGYPT, WAS UNCOVERED AND GLOWING WITH POWER...
YOU WERE TO PROVIDE THE DRAGON WITH HUMAN SACRIFICES, ARAN AL BIHR. NOW, THE DRAGON HAS ANOTHER.
NO! I INVOKED YOU, RA! MY SPELL CREATED THE MONSTER! NOW...
THE CREATOR WAS DEVOURED BY HIS CREATION... AND ONCE MORE, IN THE CRUMBLING CASTLE, SILENCE REIGNED... AND THE CENTURIES PASSED.
End

Monster Mail

Dear Editor;

Monster Hunters, it's a winner. The first issue was great and the second was almost as good. But in the second issue, you didn't give Colonel Whiteshroud as much room for the introduction as you did in the first issue. You could at least give him the first page (as you did Countess von Bludd, in *Scary Tales* #2).

And the Monster Hunters is a club, isn't it? So show some of the other members along with Colonel Whiteshroud.

You've had almost everything in your tales from the Loch Ness Monster, (#1, Hoach) to a creature with a million hearts (#2, The Kukulkaton). So why not have some kind of weirdo from outer space eating a city or something?

But whatever you do, don't start having continued stories because in two months when we find the conclusion, we've already forgotten the first part!

Please don't do anything like that, keep up the good work. I'm looking forward to your next issue.

Yours truly,
Beaver Gardner,
Hope Hull, Al.

We have an eager beaver reader in Hope Hull, it seems. Actually, Beaver, you've made some excellent suggestions, ones we'll bear in mind when the next issue of *Monster Hunters* begins to take shape. We had planned on having Colonel Whiteshroud's fellow club members contribute their tall tales, but your reminder was needed and we'll be sure to do exactly that in coming comics.

A city eater? Not even monsters could stomach some of the cities, the shape they're in!

Don't worry about Charlton going in for continued stories. We feel pretty much as you do on this matter. Quite a few real fans who collect comics and can quote chapter and verse on who wrote, drew, and said what in any previous issue would like continued stories but most of our readers aren't as well informed so we don't do it.

Anyhow, thanks for a great letter and keep reading Charlton!

Dear Colonel Whiteshroud;

Easy on the Lovecraft! 'less you do more research. Cthulhu and company (The Kukulkaton, issue #2) are *not* Elder Gods! They are The Great Old Ones! It was the benight Elder Gods who imprisoned mighty Cthulhu in R'lyeh. For more information go to the Old Pier at Innsmouth, Mass., next dark of the moon. All will be revealed!

Yours
Arthur Graf Pell

Well, we're certainly glad to hear that! Actually, Lovecraft has and will continue to inspire and influence a lot of ghostly comics scripts. However, inspiration and influence do not necessarily mean a scripter must adhere to the original idea, in fact this is legally discouraged in many cases.

We try not to lean too heavily in any direction in our stories. If Lovecraft influences some writers, other writers never think of him at all so we hope we don't get too Lovecraftian for your tastes!

Dear Editor;

Monster Hunters No. 1 was great. The introduction was good. Will Countess von Bludd be featured again? That was your best story even though it was a short one. "The Boar's Head Beast" was the worst story. The rest of the stories were fantastic. Keep up the good work and feature Countess von Bludd again in the *Monster Hunters*.

Sincerely,
Nayne Selum
Havre, Mt.

Well, that's what makes horse races. You thought all the other stories were fantastic but didn't like TBHB. The same scripter, our distinguished Nicola Cuti did the intro which you thought was the best and also TBHB which you said was the worst. Nick also did "The Hoax" which you said was fantastic. Which only goes to prove one thing. You can't win 'em all.

Glad you liked *Monster Hunters*, and we'll hit the stands again very soon (right now, in fact) with another great issue. 'Til then, see you.